

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reuenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt hee owes to you,
Euen with the bloody paiment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace Cousin, say no more.
And now I will vnclasp a secret Booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,
As to or'ewalke a Currant roring lowd
On the vnsteadfull footing of a speare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or sinke or swim,
Send danger from the East vnto the West,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowze a Lion, then to start a Hare.

Nor. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heauen, mee thinks it were an easie leape,
To plucke bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where sadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without corruall, all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac't fellow ship.

Wor. Hee apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the forme of what hee should attend;
Good Cousin giue mee audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keepe them all.

By God hee shall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would saue his soule, hee shall not,

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpose:
Those prisoners you shall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He sayd he would not ransom
Forbad my tongue to speake of
But I will finde him when hee lieth
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*
Nay, ile haue a Starling shall bee
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue
To keepe his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you, Cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies heere I solemne
Saue how to gall and pinch this
And that same Sword and Buckler
But that I thinke his father loues
And would be glad he met with
I would haue him poysoned with

Wor. Farewell Kinsman, ile tell
When you are better tempered

Nor. Why what a Wasp-tongue
Art thou, to breake into this word
Tying thine eare to no tongue but

Hot. Why looke you, I am wh
Nettled, and stung with Pismires,
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*
In *Richards* time, what doe you
A plague vpon it, it is in *Glostershire*
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke
His vnkle *Yorke*, where I first bo
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Ba*
Zblood, when you and he came ba

Nor. At *Barkely* Castle.
Why what a candy deale of court
This fawning Gray-hound then
Looke when his infant Fortune c
And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kind